



THE WHOLE PEWEE FAMILY.

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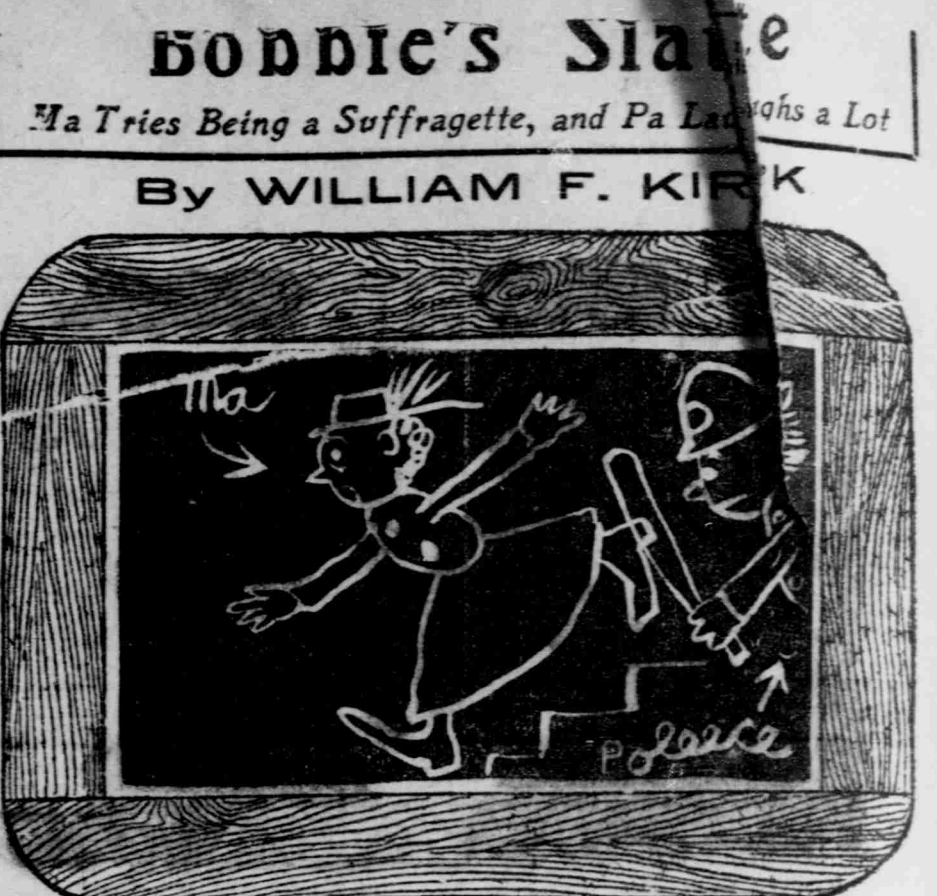
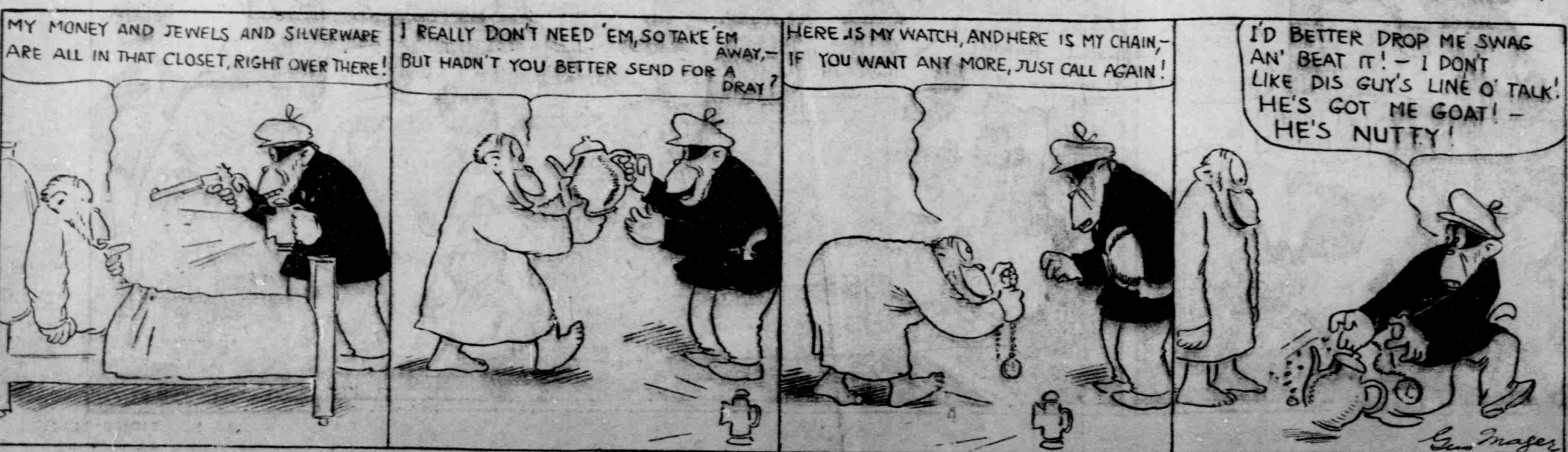
The Hallroom Boys.

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Rhymo the Monk

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This picture is my Ma when she was trying to be a suf-fraget.

THE picture on my slate today is Ma trying to be a suf-fraget. She tried pretty hard but she didn't try as hard as the police.

Ma was reading in the paper about Miss Trilix Frigauza who was a suf-fraget on the steps in front of the city hall, she sed to Pa, If Missus Frigauza can do that down at the City Hall, why not I? Why not, indeed? sed Pa.

Ma was going to go down to the city hall at first (1) but she finally sed she mite as well speak on the steps of the policee stahshun on Washington Hiles. So Ma went up there with two (2) of her lady frends, & all three (3) of them started to speak.

Pa sed he went along to hear Ma speak. Pa sed he herd Ma speak a lot anyway, but he went with me.

When we got up to the steps of the policee stahshun Ma got up on the steps & she began to talk. Frends & Sister Republicans, sed Ma, I cum befoar you tonite bekaus I cannot cum beehind you. I am heer, Ma sed, to ex-pound to you all them immortal truths wich is laid down in the works of Missus Bertha Clay, Ma sed, showing that all wimmining is born free & equal.

My frends, sed Ma, befoar long we will be having a eckshun. At that time, & in that grate hour, how shall we vote, if at all? How shall we vote, my sisters, & for whom shall we vote?

You shall vote for Sweeney, sed a man in the crowd. Pipe the airt, a other man sed. Near the face-male fiddle as the music, sed a wige.

Ma sed, I am a modern Jone of Ark.

You must heer me out, sed Ma. You shall heer me out. I stand heer tonite, Ma sed, to raise my voice for liberty & equality. In me & in my brave sisters heer rich calm out with me, you beehold a modern Jone of Ark, wich wishes to help to stamp out all them evils in our land, & to make wimmining supreme in the councils of the miltary.

Wimmining, sed Ma, has been instrumantal in most of the grate things wich has been accomplished since the beginning of the world. Who was it that drove Adam out of Eden, when he got too gay? sed Ma. It was Eve, sed the other suf-fragets.

Who was it that put Mister Thaw in jail? sed Ma. It was Missus Thaw, sed the suf-fragets. Yee, my frends, sed Ma, you cannot naim me a singel woman wich has been in publick life wich ever did a grate thing.

How about Missus Chadwick? sed a man in the crowd. But she wasent a singel woman, sed Ma. Oh, my frends, sed Ma, if you end only know how much power the hallet wud be with wimmining as voters, you wud let us vote. If you end only realize that the

hand wich rocks the cradel is the hand wich shud eck our president, then every thing wud be as it shud be, sed Ma.

But if the hand wich rocks the cradel shud eck a other president like the one we have now, sed a man in the crowd, there wud be a lot of moar cradels to rock.

I do not wish to be interrupted, sed Ma. I will now introduce a sister suf-fraget, Missus Emma Eideweiss, a nabor of mine, wich will tell you, in a few well chosen words, why we shud have as much rite as the men.

Emma Eideweiss Speaks, Yet.

I cum befoar you, sed Missus Emma Eideweiss, as a good German American lady, and I am proud that I am a lady. Was your mother a lady? sed a man in the crowd. Did she know you was going to be a lady? sed a other man.

I am not heer to argue with loafers, yet sed Missus Eideweiss. Ever since I has come on Washington Hiles, already, I has respect had. I think you are cheap shates, yet.

Hear, Hear, sed a man. Cum on, you Emma Eideweiss, sed a other man. Heer cum the cops, sed a other man.

Then the policee came out of the stahshun, they had been sleeping & they did not know that Ma & the other suf-fragets was there until they heard the crowd yelling. Then they chased Ma & her two (2) frends off the steps of the stahshun, & Ma cum hoam with Pa & me.

Allow me, sed Pa, in this, the hour of pure triumph, to extend to you the right hand of fellowship & congratulation, after the grand speech wich you maid tonite. I feel very much uplifted by it, Pa sed. Did the policee upbraid you, you was they kicked you & your frends off the steps?

Ma Calls Pa Sum Bad Names.

You curre, sed Ma. How dare you upbraid me in the hour of my triumph? mont. You cur, Ma sed.

I may be a cur, sed Pa, & little Boddie may be a pup, but you & your lady frends certainly handed Boddie & me sum big luffs wile you was up on them steps making luffs of yourselves. Dident they, Boddie?

One of them in particular, sed Pa, made a grate hit with me. Wich was that old hen with the Merry Widow hat wich was out of date last April? I am so sorry that the policee kicked you off the steps becaus she got a chance far to say anything. She was all to the joke, sed Pa. She had a face like a duff of mashed potatoes, sed Pa. Oh, you suf-fraget? sed Pa.

Ma was awful mad at Pa, but every time she started to scold Pa he laited so hard that she did not get a chance. Pa kep on laffing till we got to the flat.

You cur, sed Ma, I suppose you ain't even going to say goodnite to me. Sure I will say goodnite, sed Pa. Goodnite, you suf-fraget.

LOVE'S PARADOX.  
The lover can't help showing  
The girl he's calling on  
That he's a fellow in young  
He's positively "gone."  
—Philadelphia Press.

## To-Day's Best Story

A dear old country gentleman and his wife paid a visit to the seaside. While the simple pair were walking on the beach one evening they suddenly noticed the revolving light of a lighthouse.

The old lady gazed at it with open eyes for some minutes, then she turned to her husband with a puzzled look.

"Well," she exclaimed, "if the man in that ship hasn't lit that light this forty times, and it has gone out every time!"

A BEAUTIFUL stream is the River of Rest:  
The still, wide waters sweep clear and cold,  
A white sail gleams in the west world's gold.  
It leans to the shore of the River of Rest—  
The lily-lined shores of the River of Rest.

The boatman rises, he reaches a hand,  
He knows you well, he will steer you true.  
And far, so far from all his own land,  
From his home, from fates that pursue and pursue!

Far over the lily-lined River of Rest—  
Heard, mystical, magical River of Rest.

A storied, sweet stream is this River of Rest:  
The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore;  
And journey you east, or journey you west,  
Unwilling or willing, sure-footed or sore.

You surely will come to this River of Rest:  
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest.  
—Joachim Miller.

## A Puzzling Family

DO you think you can tell how many there are in a man's family by the length of time a barrel of pork lasts? Anyway, you'll have a chance to try, when you see the new puzzle in this page next Monday.

One hundred puzzle books will be awarded to solvers, and you'll find the new problem an ingenious and interesting brain-twister.

## Sayings of a Cynic.

A FAULT of your own would probably be a sin in others.

The bottom soon drops out of quickly made friendships.

Honesty pays in the end—but you must be at the right end.

Have a way of your own—then keep out of other people's way.

Many an upright man has failed to score a downright success.

A good idea is one that can be carried out and exchanged for coin.

No, Alonzo, the rats women wear in their hair are not caught in traps.

Life would be awfully monotonous if we didn't make an occasional enemy.

Never judge a man's good or bad qualities by what his relatives say about him.

Nothing joits a small-minded man like being forced to admit that he is in the wrong.

Some people manage to beat his satanic majesty about the bush by lying with their mouths closed.

Any man could earn a living by utilizing the time he wastes in trying to convince the world that it owes him one.

NO STRUGGLE AT ALL.  
"I understand that your husband had a hard struggle when a young man?"  
"That's just one of his jokes; he didn't struggle at all; he fell in love with me."